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My Canada.

My Canada, I love thy hills,
Thy waters broad and rivers grand,
Thy beauties rare each true heart thrills,
With love for thee, my native land.
Sweet as the songs in childhood dreams
Lulled me to rest in tender arms
Is the music of thy rippling streams,
The memory of thy matchless charms.

My Canada, I love thy homes,
Thy prairies broad and forests deep;
Thy mountains high, whose icy domes
With clouds and stars communion keep.
O sweet it is at will to stray
From ocean shore, to ocean shore,
By lake and stream, and sunlit bay,
With maple boughs low bending o'er.

My Canada, my Canada,
Where freedom's lamp burns ever bright,
God's love and mercy be thy stay,
In brightest day and darkest night ;
Sweet are the songs the wild birds sing,
Tuning thy praise on harp's divine,
But sweeter far the charms that cling
To freedom's cause, dear land of mine.
—HENRY T. McPHILLIPS.

INDIAN DEPARTMENT.

Indian is human nature bound in

Mr. W. A. Jones, of Wisconsin, has succeeded Judge Browning as United States Indian Commissioner.

This is a well-read man, remarked the doctor, as he examined the Indian patient and found him in good health.

A little Indian girl in smelling some artificial flowers on a lady's hat, said with a disgusted air: Oh, they rag flowers.

It is as impossible to help an Indian by rations, says a prominent worker, as to create a dancing master out of a mummy.

Miss Collins, at the Lake Mohonk Conference, said in effect, that the highest compliment which an Indian can give to a young girl is, She is a good girl, a very good girl, and she never says anything.

At Hampton a graduate is so associated with education in the minds of the pupils that, in speaking of a graduated cylinder, an Indian, in all sincerity, called it an educated cylinder, and wondered why the class smiled.

In the early history of New England there was a war between two Indian tribes, caused by a grasshopper. A boy of one tribe caught a grasshopper, and a boy of another tribe wanted it; and so the two tribes fought. It was called "The grasshopper war."

Indians of the far north had strange notions of the missionaries. In one region it was gravely reported that the strange man (the missionary) with his wonderful book had been wrapped up in an envelope, and had come down from the Great Spirit on a rainbow.

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A Tribe of Red-headed Indians.

There are few who have ever seen or heard of a redheaded Indian, yet there is a tribe of them in old Mexico in the mountains, that lies between Monterey and Vera Cruz. They have been there from time immemorial and nothing is known of their history or origin. They are extremely clannish, have never mixed or intermarried with the other tribes of Indians, and as a result preserved the purity of their blood and the traditions of their race. They were there when Cortez conquered Mexico, and they have always been peaceful; the Mexicans have never molested them. They have always been a pastoral people and docile and though their habits and customs are still primitive, they are permitted to hold their lands, and cultivate them in their own crude way. They have their headmen and chief, and are full-blooded Indians and can not be distinguished from their fellows, except by their fiery red hair.

A Mean White Man

A letter from one who resides among them says: The white men here are very mean with the Indians, cheating them on every side. Last fall a well to do rancher hired some Indians to dig potatoes and wished to pay them with the small potatoes assorted for the pigs. The Indians objected. He persisted. That night the white man's working horses disappeared from his pasture. He hunted everywhere for them, travelling many miles and spending money without avail. Some one suggested that they might be in the reservation. So he sent word to the Indians that he would give \$2 to any one bringing them home, and the next day his horses were brought back by one of his ill paid workers. He had to pass over the money for he could prove nothing. It is supposed that the horses were tethered in the woods, waiting for this reward, which they knew would be offered. The writer adds, "I do not defend the Indians in this, but one cannot help feeling that the white man got his change."

Relics of a Vanished Race.

A discovery which is likely to excite much

interest among students and scientists throughout the world was made during a recent journey through the hitherto unexplored interior of Vancouver Island. The traveller was F. W. Laing, M.A., a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London. He and his party were at the time crossing the great Central lake, the largest fresh water body on the island, with a length of thirty miles, when the curious writing upon the face of a gigantic rock attracted Mr. Laing's attention. Upon further investigation it was disclosed that a message had been left by some pre-historic dwellers of the lake, deeply traced in the imperishable rock. The hieroglyphics forming the inscription were arranged in five parallel lines—some what similar to a musical staff—while above was what apparently had been intended for a log of wood and a growing tree, a third figure placed at the right resembling nothing so much as a seven branched candle-stick. The impression, despite the fact that centuries must have passed since it was chiseled by some one whose race is now even forgotten people, remains clear and distinct. Photographs were taken of the rock and sketches made of the interesting inscription.

Pocahontas of Early Louisiana.

The Pocahontas of the early days of the colony of Louisiana, at least so far as devotion to the French was concerned, was Bracé Pique (Tattooed Arm), the mother of the Great Sun or chief ruler of the Natchez nation at the time of the massacre of the French by the Natchez on the 27th of November, 1729. She suspected the great conspiracy that was on foot among the Natchez to destroy the French, and, being a faithful friend of the latter, induced by repeated solicitations her son, who was only 17 years old to confess to her that he had sent messengers to all the Indian nations throughout Louisiana each message bearing a bundle of sticks and each containing exactly as many sticks as the others. The instructions given to the other Indian nations were to begin burning a stick on a certain day and when the last stick should be consumed to fall on the French in their

vicinity and slay them. Bras-Pique had the details of the plot communicated to Chépart, the commandant of the post, but finding that he treated the warnings with contempt, with the view of saving the majority of the French in Louisiana by dislocating the plan of the conspiracy, she entered the temple of Natchez, where the "sacred fire" was perpetually maintained, and threw several sticks from the bundle which had been deposited in the temple on the fire, and thus disarranged the Natchez part of the conspiracy. When the last stick of the Natchez was burned, the massacre of nearly all the French in the Natchez country followed, but as the tragic event had been precipitated by the stratagem of the devoted Bras-Pique, Perrier, who at that time was governor of the colony, was enabled to take measures to save the French elsewhere in the colony.

Portage La Prairie Indians.

Miss Laidlaw, of the Portage Indian School, gave an admirable address at the meeting of the Winnipeg Presbyterial. From that address we take the following extracts:—The 'pow-wow' and 'Dakota worship' is one of the hindrances we have to meet. These the medicine men like to have when we have our gatherings and anyone invited incurs the displeasure of the medicine men if they refuse; so you may see the courage needed to withstand. For a long time these gatherings were not held, but recently they have been holding them on Thursday evening when we have our prayer-meeting, and on Sabbath afternoon. At these gatherings the door is usually locked; but one evening we surprised them by walking in. Men and women were arranged in order round the teepee; the pipe of peace was being smoked and passed around. In the centre was a square of earth smoothed over, in the centre a piece of red cloth cut in grotesque shapes; on one side a large pot of tea and a huge pile of bannocks, on the other a number of carpet bags in which the medicine is kept. The medicine consists of herbs and shells. Into the shells the medicine is blown and in shells the medicine men think they see all that is going to happen to the inhabitants of

the village. If anyone has died recently a bag of their clothing is taken and distributed after medicine has been blown over it to keep the spirit of the departed from returning and haunting them.

Another hindrance is liquor. What sad sights meet our eyes from time to time. Never shall I forget the sight on New Year's eve, 1895. We found it necessary to drive out late that evening to make final arrangements about New Year's Day and the whole village was in an uproar; little children running through the snow barefoot; strong men were tied hand and foot with ropes before they could be quieted.

Then take another and a brighter picture. Some years ago these Indians roamed the prairies with no home and no place of worship. Now they have a neat little Church built by W.F.M.S. on land bought by the earning of these Indians and saved up in sums often not larger than five cents, fifty cts., and a dollar, and handed to Mr. A. D. Mackay, until \$375.00 was saved. They have now a stated time of worship, with an average congregation of 40; hymns sung in their own language; chapters read from the Bible printed in their own language, and men leading in prayer who once were foremost in these things of which I have been telling you. Only two are communicants in Knox Church, Portage la Prairie, but I believe there are many who are seeking a better way of life.

David Brainard

On a sunny knoll in the valley of the Connecticut, overlooking the river, is the birth-place of David Brainard, the Indian missionary. The foundations of the old house still remain, a heap of stones in the centre marking the huge chimney, the crumbling walls broken and overgrown by the brambles of fifty years' neglect. Three trees have grown up within the hollow, and the birds sing and build in the branches. I imagine a plain one story dwelling, with a portico over the door on the site of the old walls still standing in the field near the town of Haddam; here, on April 14, 1718, David Brainard was born. Having had an unusual thirst for know-

ledge, he entered Yale College in 1739. Here he had the privilege of hearing the inspired Whitefield, then on a visit to America. He caught the fire of holy zeal from him, and henceforward his life was consecrated to his Master. In the wilderness near Albany he began his life-work among the Indians, and labored for a year. In learning the language he was obliged to ride to Stock bridge on horseback—twenty miles distance once or twice a week, and then back to his charge. This in the severe winter weather, and his other hardships—want of fire and proper food, sleeping sometimes upon the ground, or, if he had shelter, but a bundle of straw in a log-hut—was almost too much for his feeble frame. He was next sent to the Indians at the Forks of the Delaware and the Susquehanna. The scalping-knife and tomahawk were scarcely sheathed. Yet he went among them fearlessly, journeying through unbroken forests, fording streams, and pressing through almost impassable valleys unarmed; resting at night in the forests with no shelter but the blue sky, amid the howling of wolves, and often thirty miles from a human habitation. Brainard rarely spoke of his privations through those howling wildernesses from Albany to Delaware, and thence to Pennsylvania. He performed the journey between New England and New Jersey at least twelve times; in one he said he rode six hundred miles, in any of them not much less. He was often so weak he could not sit in his saddle, or walk when he alighted, yet he endured 'as seeing Him who is invisible.'

He preached two and three times a day when he could meet his congregation, many of whom travelled over thirty miles to hear him. He spent hours in prayer for their conversion, for his mission was no idle work and he had a measure of reward here in seeing many souls brought to Christ, and yet in all things he was looking forward to meeting Him with joy. Thus he journeyed to and fro in tireless succession, until his feeble body refused its office. He proved how far a weak body could obey the dictates of a living soul.

There was a limit to human endurance, and his health began to fail. His work was

accomplished in four short years, and yet he had lived a lifetime. He passed up the Connecticut valley for the last time in May, 1747, on his way to President Edwards, in Northampton, arriving there before June. Here he was advised by his physician to continue his exercise on horseback, and, with his companion, President Edwards' daughter Jerusha, they went to Boston.

He remained there six weeks, part of the time near to death, but revived to return to Northampton. He made the last entry in his diary on September 25, 1749; his last written words were these, Oh, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, Amen!

HEALTH AND HYGENE.

The neglected colds of the childhood leads to consumption in the adult, and what is called the natural tendency of the Indian to consumption is doubtless, in many cases, the natural result of the unnatural neglect of little children.

The tendency of the Indian to consumption must not for a moment be forgotten in this stress of his transition; without health education can avail little. Food, work, and play are the forces with which we can raise a good physical structure.

Mouth Breathing.

The habits acquired by untrained children often predispose to disease: for instance, the habit of mouth-breathing. The danger attending this habit has become well known in late years, through the work of specialists in throat, nose and ear diseases, but comparatively recent experiments have shown an added reason for the strict training of children in this respect. It has been shown that the human nose is almost a perfect filter for micro organisms. The mouth-breather, therefore, is deprived of his natural protection against the bacteria of disease. The correction of this one habit, which, unless attention were called to it, might escape observation, would save many a child from deafness and catarrhal trouble; in short, from a dwarfed and miserable life.

Value of Industrial Training.

The nervous sensibility of all Indians is

great and leads them to unnatural excitement and corresponding depression. The inevitable inheritance of generations born in tumult, war, fear and uncertainty, must be irritable nerve centres and moral and intellectual faculties subordinated to the physical. Nature demands a heavy penalty for violated laws. The Indian has ignorantly broken all laws, and has paid and is paying a terrible penalty. This does not, however mean extermination of the race, a portion of which has shown itself capable of adaptation to change of environment and new condition of social life. Education in living, correct moral standard and a motive to stimulate endeavor, this is what the Indian needs. The value of manual and industrial training lies in its unequalled power to supply such a motive and aid in the development of the body and in the formation of character.

OUR DUMB FRIENDS.

Sir John Lubbock, the famous naturalist, has tamed a wasp, which seems attached to its owner, never stinging the hand that feeds it with sugar, but allowing itself to be petted and gently stroked. It is allowed to fly out-of-doors, but always returns to the bottle where it resides.

Among the rules of a New York livery stable, where only the animals of wealthy men are kept, are the following: No man shall speak loud to any of the horses in the stable where they are. Horses of good blood are nervous, and loud, excited conversation is felt by every horse who hears it, and it keeps them all nervous and uneasy. No man shall use profane language in the hearing of the horses.

A young girl telephoned to her father at his office, asking, Is dog Curly there? Yes. Please take him up in your arms and hold the receiver to his ear; I want to tell him to come home, said the girl. Her father did so. The dog's face wore a look of astonishment at hearing, Come home, Curly! Come home, in the voice of his mistress. But it took him only an instant to understand what was wanted, and he bounded away home.

Longevity of Birds.

An eagle died at Vienna at the age of 103 years. According to Buffon the life of the crow is 108 years, and no observation authorises us to attribute to it, with Hesiod, 1000 years. A naturalist whose testimony cannot be doubted, Willoughby, had certain proof that a goose lived a century, and Buffon did not hesitate to conclude that the swan's life is longer yet; some authors give it two and even three centuries. Maller-ton possessed the skeleton of a swan that had lived 307 years.

Engineering Work of Ants.

The ant is probably the most enlightened builder of all the wonderful species of insects' birds and animals who construct their own homes. Ants have been observed to use straws and sticks, which they happened to come across in their excavations for beams to support the ceilings of their homes. Other ants raise a structure above the surface of the ground and carefully build on a story above another, containing large rooms with arched ceilings. Still others make their homes in decaying wood, in which they burrow hundreds of tiny galleries and chambers. Their muscular power, their perseverance and capacity for steady endurance, are simply wonderful; and no such rapid and perfect workers exist; for man, with all his scientific skill and his tools, could never begin to accomplish in a day what these tiny creatures achieve without implements and against all manner of obstacles. Comparing the size of an ant with the size of a man, and making the same proportion in the amount of their work, not twenty men could begin to accomplish in one day the work of a single ant, for the interior of each one of their tunnels is perfectly finished; each pellet of earth is prepared almost as carefully as we prepare the bricks that line our own excavations.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Brilliant But Useless.

Sir Astley Cooper, on visiting Paris, was asked by the surgeon "en chief" of the empire how many he had performed a certain

wonderful feat of surgery. He replied that he had performed the operation thirteen times. "Ah, but, Monsieur, I have done him one hundred and sixty times. How many times did you save life?" continued the curious Frenchman, after he had looked into the blank amazement of Sir Astley's face I said the Englishman, saved eleven out of the thirteen. How many did you save out of one hundred and sixty? Ah, Monsieur, I lose them all: but the operation was very brilliant. Of how many popular ministries might the same verdict be given.

The Right Use of Money.

Every dollar represents so much energy of mind or body, or both, treasured as the light and heat in the coal—not simply in the time spent in the earning of it, the power to earn it from helpless infancy to manhood's strength, or of the treasured power of him who bequeathed it to me. It is mine now for a brief space to use as I see fit. May I not do as I please with my own? May I not spend it in luxury, in food, or drink, or dress, or amusements, or literature, or society fads, or in any one of the thousands of things which offer so as he? Yes and no. In spending that dollar I spend so much of my life, of the treasured energy which I hold in trust, and I set it free to go on forever in a right or wrong direction. I can never recall it.

If I spend a dollar in rum. I invest just so much capital in the traffic, and, aside from the influence of the rum upon me, I become a perpetual stockholder in the trade. If I go to a theatre, the tendency of which on the whole, if not always, is evil, beyond and above is influence upon myself and of my example upon others, I put that much stock into the theatre business, and my liability remains unlimited to all eternity, for I cannot sell out my interest in that concern.

So also if I invest my time, my means, and my influence in balls and dances, in social functions of the purely worldly sort in vain display, in the purchase and reading of vain or unwholesome literature, I put just so much of what has come to me of power into the hands of ungodly or worldly men, to deprave others. If I divide my time, my strength, and my means between

these worldly things and the service of Jesus Christ, by a well-known law, I simply neutralize the good by the evil; nay, even worse! for a little folly destroys much good, as a single particle of permanganate will deeply tinge a glass of water clear as crystal or a fly will spoil the pot of fragrant ointment.

A Soft Answer.

The street car was crowded, and several persons standing up. As it rounded a curve one man lurched over to one side, and knocked his neighbors hat over his eyes. The man thus accidentally struck, turned around angrily and asked who hit him. I did. What're you going to do about it? answered the other. I'd show you what I'd do about it, if I had you out of the car. You would, eh? Yes, I would! Why don't you do it here? I will if you don't shut up. You will? Perhaps you own this car? Perhaps I do. I don't take up more than my share of it though. Well, I intend to have all the room I need. I don't mean to give up my personal rights to any man. Nobody asked you to. But you needn't push me out of my place. Who pushing you out of your place? You. did You lie!

At this point the conductor interfered, and threatened to put the disputants off the car. After a few more hard words, the men who had been the occasion of the dispute got out. Each man had made his enemy, thought more than one passenger in the car. In a few minutes another passenger got in, and as it was cold near the door, he wedged his way slowly up to the front. In doing so, he stepped on the foot of the man who had already had his hat jammed over his face. Look out! what are you doing there? Can't you step somewhere else? I beg your pardon. Very awkward of me! I'm sure. Hope it didn't hurt you much." well—no—not very much. They don't make these cars big enough for men with big feet like mine and yours. That's so. Ought to put on platform cars for us. Ha! ha! ha! Good! Glad you take it so good naturedly. Fine frosty evening, isn't it? Your right. Good Christmas weather. That's so. Do you celebrate? Why of course! Do you take me for a pagan? You don't look like one, that's a fact. What is that in your overcoat pocket? A sled? Not quiet, A Noah's

ark. Ah! That flood was a good thing for Noah's descendants, wasn't it? First rate. But I must get out here. Wish you a Merry Christmas sir! Same to you, and many of em! The second man got out two blocks further on, but to us who remained, it seemed as though he had breathed into the chilly air his warm, hearty spirit. The man made more than one person happier that night.

SCHOOL MATTERS.

If any Indian will not work, neither let him eat.

Carrie Spence, has secured a position with Mrs. Giles, of Portage La Prairie.

Rattle Snake Chief brought a bright little girl to the school some days ago.

Mr Stewart was grieved to hear of the recent death of a younger brother in Scotland.

It is a pitiful thing to see old Indian women hanging around to beg for a plug of tobacco.

Herman and Edward Le Grace have returned from visits to their homes, on the Reserves.

The Reserves at Duck Lake and Indian Head have been well-represented at the school lately,

Mrs. McLeod entertained the football teams of Pense, and the School for supper on Saturday last.

We have at present three out-pupils laboring in the valley.—Frank, John Hunter and James Assinicaipo.

Mr. Munro safely reached Milverton exhausted by the trip, but otherwise feeling none the worse for his journey.

Joseph Hawk, from Saskatoon an intelligent Indian and a an old subscriber for Progress visited the school lately.

Cursed is the ground. In the sweat of his face shall the Indian eat bread, till he return into the ground—unless he eat the bread of beggary all his days.

Miss Bonis spent a few days at the school

on her way to the Industrial school at Batford, where she is to be engaged in teaching one of the departments. That school is to be congratulated on the latest addition to its staff,

One of our boys is on a visit home. His home is surrounded by the monuments of paganism he writes:—“These Indians are nearly all pagans, and they are very superstitions and dislike the Christ religion, and say it is pity for me to forsake their beliefs.”

Fred Waywinchicadpo is enjoying his work with Mr. Dodds at the Moose Mountain Mission. He wishes to remind his companions at the school that they are having difficulties with the Indians, who are disinclined to listen to the words of anything from the Bible.

Since the end of April four new pupils, one boy and three girls, have been enrolled from the Indian Head Reserve. The credit of the increase is due to the energetic labors of our efficient co-worker Mr Neil Gilmour, who has been in charge of the Hurricane Hills Mission for some time.

Lame Fox, accompanied by some of his friends, spent a few days at the school. He seems to be a worthy industrious Indian. He will have five or six head of cattle to dispose of this year, and always has a good acreage under cultivation. If all Indians had the same spirit of independence and manliness life would have more sunshine for many a white man.

Birrell Gillespie's sale of work last month was most successful. The Mission Band is proud of having such enthusiasm manifested by one of its members. The \$60.00 realized is being applied to world-wide missions. Thirty dollars is to be devoted to the support of a native teacher in the New Hebrides. The other \$30.00 is finding its way to South America, Korea, China, India, and Africa. Well done, Birrell!

A Grateful Acknowledgement.

Before leaving the school, Albert Fiddler handed to Mr. McLeod a letter full of gratitude, from which the following is an extract: You have been acquainted with all my

ways during my stay in your thoroughly disciplined school. I call this school a well disciplined school, because I have been disciplined by it. And on the eve of my departure I thank you not only for what I have received freely from you to-day but also for every thing in the past. I have no words suitable to express my gratitude to you and all associated with this school of which you are Principal.

Football notes.

In the Football Competition for the Silver Cup, five teams have entered, viz. Regina Lumsden, Barracks, Coulee, and the School.

The Barracks v the Coulee were the first draw, the Industrial School to play the winners Regina was drawn against Lumsden. The winners of the Regina v Lumsden to play the winners of the school v. the winners of the Barracks Coulee game. The first Match Barracks v the Coulee was played at Barracks on the evening of May 26 th. and resulted in a win for the Coulee by three goals to one.

The second Match Coulee the School came off on the evening of June 5th, on the school grounds. The game started about seven p.m. and resulted in a win for the school by two goals to one. Mr. A. E. Risk kindly refereed the Game, to both team's satisfaction. Mr Black and Mr Balfour of Regina were umpires.

Regina vs. Lumsden play on the 15th inst and the final is to be played on the Exhibition Grounds on the 22nd inst.

Slumber Town.

Which is the way to Slumber Town,
What-ho! little boy, can you say?

You must sail to the left and sail to the
right,

Past poppy-seed Land and the Isle of twilight.

Till you come to Slumber Bay.

Which is the way to Slumber Town,
Can you tell me, my little maid?

Down Rockaby Lane and through Edtime
street,

To the place where the sunlight and star-
light meet,

And the little pink clouds are made.
We sail to the right, and we sail to the
left,

And just as the sun goes down--
Just as he goes to his bed in the west,
Pulls down his curtains, and sinks to his
rest,

We anchor in Slumber Town.

Selfishness in a Football Game

A man who thoroughly understands the game has something to say about football, that our own team should carefully read and remember. He says:--

A mean selfish man cannot be a good Football player. If the reader doesn't believe this statement there is a very easy way by which he can satisfy himself of its truth. Let him start with the idea that all outside Games should have for their object the development of what is manliest in the player--a proper disregard of oneself, in other words, unselfishness. When a player starts to play Football his first lesson is that there are ten other men playing with him and they must all play together if they would hope to win. This is the first lesson in unselfishness. As he learns to handle the ball with both head and feet, he will also learn that he must never play it without considering his fellow players. A good game is seen where each player sinks his individuality.

Sometimes he has to deal with Grand Stand Players. These are fellows who like to make a pretty run or long kick, because the people who don't understand the game always applaud individual effort. In the eyes of the spectators such a player wins the game in the eyes of the Eleven, he is looked upon as a 'hog'. The reason for such a name is that his fellow players think he is not trying to help them and the game, but is trying to help himself. Such a player is usually personally disliked, simply because he is selfish. Largely on account of the personal dislike and also on account of his unwillingness to sink self, he can never become a valuable addition to any team. The team wants a man who will combine, who will love his neighbor as himself (the neighbor being the other players.) The Game demands unselfishness more than any other quality,

and before a man can play the game well he must get rid of the mean side of his nature.

Day Schools and Reserves.

To the Editor of PROGRESS :

Sir:—Education is admitted by all as the only true way to bring the Indians into Civilization, and this again can only be done by educating Indian children in Industrial Schools, when they are away from all demoralising Reserve power and influence. I have great objections to Reserve Day Schools because the children do not and can not learn sufficient to enable them to throw off the effect of Reserve life, even could they be trained up to the point that they desire it. And as long as the Indian has not the wish to be free and independent, in the course of time, he has still to learn the true principles of life, and education away from the Reserve is the only hope they have of receiving this blessed knowledge they desire. The aim of all endeavors is to educate and advance the Indians or to make them good loyal citizens and honest God fearing people and to attempt this by Reserve Day Schools is difficult for a more firm and new policy. Why all the Indian regulations ignored, why are the Indians allowed to roam about the country and settle where they like. What are the Reserves for? Is it not to keep each band by themselves. When the Agent, Teacher, and Missionary can have influence over them bring them into civilization, this is not and always done, and many Indians ignore all Government regulations. Many Indians are never on their reserves unless when waiting for Treaty Money. Compel all to live in their reserves and work for a living. Make farming compulsory when they have no other means of a livelihood. We have heard lately a great deal about Immigration which is an important part of our chief's work and one I hope he will be very successful in, but I am confident if he will grasp the Indian question as I expect he will, he and the country will soon learn that a vigorous Indian Policy both educational and otherwise will be one of the greatest blessings that can be bestowed on our great West and will be of itself a good immigration Policy and in

another decade my humble opinion is, then will be no more Indian problem to solve.

Yours FORWARD.

Notes of Professor Baird's address to the Graduates at the Indian Industrial School, Regina, April the 28th, 1897.

After expressing the interest with which he had witnessed the exercises of the morning, and the pleasure he had at being present on an occasion so new in the history of Indian education in the North West, Professor Baird said:—

There lies a River not many miles to the North of us here which I suppose most of you have seen and on the banks of which I suppose perhaps some of you were born -- A River called by a pretty French name, the Qu'Appelle; a name which in English means "Who calls?" This River is a remarkable one and its valley makes a deep impression on everyone who has travelled along it, and indeed on everyone who has even seen it at all. The deep cleft which it makes through the prairie; the winding stream; the peculiarly shaped hills which border the valley, bare on the north side of the stream and covered with woods on the South side -- all this makes an impression on the beholder which can never be forgotten. But it is rather about suggestions made by the name of the River that I wish to speak to you this afternoon. "Who calls?" it says. And you know there is a strange and weird legend told of the way in which the River got its name. It is a story how an Indian in the valley heard voices in the air -- strange voices that led him on, and on, and on. There is a lesson in this for every one of us. Whether we live on the banks of this River or not, the air is for us full of voices; and what I want to try to do for you to-day is to help you to distinguish some of those voices so that you may hear them more clearly and be ready to obey them more heartily. Who is it that is calling you? Listen to the voices and if you listen attentively you will hear at least these three -- Your country is calling you; your people are calling you; and God is calling you. It is surely very plain that your country is calling you.

The Government has watched over you and done what it can to take care of you all your lives long. It has made mistakes no doubt sometimes but honestly and faithfully it has tried to do its duty in the way of giving you an education. The building in which we are met here today, the staff of this school and all its appliances show how really the Government is interested in your welfare. And now it is calling you to leave behind everything that is mean and base and ignorant and become citizens with a lofty ideal before you. Your country invites you to share with all its other citizens the responsibility which belongs to those who live in this land. I do not speak to you as Indians; I speak to you as young men and young women who are leaving a high school or a College and going out into the world to take up responsibilities and to make a living for themselves. Your country is calling you to live worthily, so that you may serve her and be better able to advance her interests as one of the nations of the world.

Your people are calling you. This is a cry that you have heard already, I am sure, and that you will many a time hear again. I am glad to think that the fathers and mothers of some of you are Christians; but in some cases very likely this is not so, and out of the dim light and imperfect knowledge which they have they are asking you to help them so that they may see more clearly that Light which is Life. They tell you again and again that you have had opportunities and advantages far greater than fell to their lot, and they urge you to do what lies in your power to better and brighten the lives of your own people. A great sadness has come upon many of the older men and women of your people. Their habits of life and their way of earning a livelihood have changed greatly since the white man came among them, and in many cases they do not understand why it should be so. Let it be your part to show that you can adapt yourselves to this new mode of living. The future of the Indian race in our land depends very greatly upon young men and women like you. If you prove worthy, the way will be opened for other

of your people and great comfort and peace and usefulness will be theirs because you will have shown them the way in which they can make the most of their lives.

God calls you. He speaks to you with a still, small voice, but it is a voice to which you must not fail to give heed. It is the voice of conscience within you. Through that, God speaks to you and invites you to spend your life in the way in which it will do the most good. Some of you are going out to live among white people, I am glad to know. Others of you very likely will find yourselves making a home among your relatives. But important as it is that you should make a wise choice in regard to the place where you should live, it is far more important that you should live your life in the right way; and the only way in which you can make the best use of whatever abilities you have, the only way in which you can make the best use of the education you have received in this school, is by giving heed to the voice of God within your own heart. I am glad to know that you have heard this voice already; that you have declared your intention of obeying it; that you have professed yourselves on the Lord's side. God has spoken sweet messages to your hearts. Live near to Him. Do not allow yourselves to spend your time in company where God's voice is not heard; and the blessing of God will be with you.

You go forth from this place followed by many prayers and many good wishes. You cannot escape from the interest with which your friends will seek you out in the days to come. The officers of the Government will be anxious to know how this plan of education succeeds; the friends of education will be eager to see what influence your years of training have upon your habits; the missionaries will eagerly and prayerfully seek to keep you near to the cross of Jesus Christ. You cannot escape from us. If you do not behave worthily we will be sorry and ashamed; but if you live honest, noble; self-respecting Christian lives, we will thank God for you and we will begin to think that the Indian question is solved.

FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.

Many have yielded to go a mile with Satan that never intended to go two. He leads poor creatures down into the depths by winding stairs, and does not let them see the bottom where they are going.

A wise and saintly Quakeress with whom Emerson was acquainted was once asked by her little daughter if she might do something that took her fancy for the moment. Her mother replied: "What does the voice in thee say?" The child went off and after a while returned to say, Mother, the little voice says No!

A House to Let.

One day an old man met a business friend on the street and suddenly said to him John, have you a house to let. A house to let? repeated the young man, who told you so. I have no house to let. I think you have, John. You are not prepared to lie in it yourself, I see. What do you mean? demanded John. Why I mean your house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. You have not made arrangements to move in have you? It's to let, then. The young man walked away as though a hornet had stung him, and he did not let the sun go down on his head without taking steps to inhabit that house himself.

Temper and Tongue.

When our house takes fire, the first impulse is to go for a bucket of water; but if temper takes fire, the first impulse is to throw on more fuel. Now, the best water bucket for aroused temper is resolute Silence. If, whenever an irritating act were done, or an injury struck us, we should firmly seal our lips for even ten minutes, we would save ourselves many a quarrel, many a heart-burn, many a mortification, many a disgrace to our religious profession. Speech is often explosive and shattering. Silence is cooling. It cools us off and cools other people. One of the calmest men I ever knew told me that he used to be violently passionate, but he broke his temper by resolute

ly bridling his tongue until he cooled down.

Light and Shadow in our Lives.

Light is precious, and so is shadow. There are those who joy in the light, and who think that it would be pleasant to have the light always. They are sorry when the clouds come, and they regret that shadows ever shut out the clear shining of the sun. But those who have lived under a tropical sun, with a burning sky above them and never a cloud to shield or shelter them from the ceaseless glare of the untempered light realize the blessing of cloud and shadow, and rejoice that they live in a land where the sun does not always beat down upon their defenseless heads, but where clouds with their refreshing shadows bring a grateful contrast to the seething heat of continuous sunlight. We long for the light and warmth of unbroken prosperity and we are sorry that shadows come between us and the sun of happiness. Yet if we never had shadows above us, the continuous glare of prosperity would wither our souls and dry up the juices of our best nature. It is in the alternation and contrast of light and shadow in our lives that our best blessings are realized.

Taken Aside.

Taken aside by Jesus
To feel the touch of His hand;
To rest for awhile in the shadow
Of the Rock in a weary land,

Taken aside by Jesus
In the loneliness, dark and drear,
Where no other comfort may reach me
Than His voice to my heart so dear.

Taken aside by Jesus,
That henceforth my voice may be
Made clear, to tell of the Love Divine
And the Rock of Eternity,

Taken aside by Jesus,
With a broken heart to-day,
But I heard him 'sigh' in that desert place,
And I heard my beloved say:
"It is I, and I know the pain;
It is I, and I know the loss;
It is I—thou shalt know the eternal gain;
It is I, who endured the cross."

LIGHTER MOMENTS.

Teacher—Tell me a few of the most important things existing to-day which did not exist a hundred years ago. Tommy—Us.

Guilty or not guilty? said the judge to an Irishman, brought before him for trial. How can I tell, yer Honor till I hear the evidence? replied the Irishman.

What's your name? said the new school teacher, addressing the first boy on the bench. Jule Simpson, replied the lad. Not Jule—Julius, said the teacher. And addressing the next one, what is your name? Billious Simpson, I guess. And the new teacher had to rap for order.

Who's there? cried little Binks, egged on by his wife, who insisted that there was a burglar in the room. Nobody, returned the burglar. There, my dear, snapped Binks, that's exactly what I told you. Nobody's there—so do go to sleep.

Can you tell me where I will get the Lancaster Avenue? inquired a middle-aged fussy woman, who was standing in the middle of the car-track, of a man who was in a great hurry. Yes, you'll get it right in the middle of your back, if you stand there, he replied, and then passed on.

The little word "again" once threw a large assembly into fits of laughter. It was at a public meeting—, One of the speakers, the Rev. Mr. M—, had the misfortune, when he tried to take a seat, to miss the chair and come down at full length on the platform. The accident occasioned subdued mirth. When at last it came to his turn to speak, the presiding officer introduced him in these words: The Rev. Mr. M—will again take the floor.

The General's Hobby.

A distinguished officer was constantly embracing some new hobby. His latest fad was amateur gardening. One day he was strolling past the officer's quarters, when he saw a couple of soldiers busily raking a lot of gravel-stones over a patch of earth. Ah, men, I'm glad to see you taking an interest in

gardening. Its a very nice occupation. One of the men, not knowing him by sight, replied; Nice, is it? Umph! That's all you know. We wouldn't be hiding this earth with gravel if we didn't have an old fool of a General that's mad on gardening. Here we are scraping these stones about in case he should pass this way and want to grow cabbages on the bit of earth underneath.

When Blondin was Afraid.

One of Blondin's favorite jokes was to offer to carry some distinguished spectator across the rope with him on his back. Everybody naturally refused, and the great equilibrist, with a genial smile, would say, I am sorry you are afraid I should drop you. At one time he was exhibiting in Paris and was about to cross the Seine on his rope. Cham, the great caricaturist had come to make a sketch. Blondin, recognizing him, at once invited him to cross with him. With pleasure, replied Cham, but on one condition. And that is—? queried Blondin. That I shall carry you on my back, answered Cham. Not if I know myself, answered Blondin. Ah! triumphantly exclaimed Cham. This time, Monsieur Blondin, it is you who are afraid.

An Amendment.

The Chicago Chronicle tells of a little boy who never goes to sleep without praying. The other evening however he became a little mixed about bedtime. When in his snow-white gown he made a movement toward the little cot, but was reminded that he had forgotten to say his evening prayer. He quickly knelt at his mother's side and, laying his small head upon his folded hands, began:

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep"

But there his drowsiness became too much for him. His curly head went down with a bump against his mother's knee, and she, hoping to help him out, softly suggested: "if" He made another effort, and as his mother prompted him the second time he brightened up and finished:

"If he hollers let him go,
Ene, meni, mine mo."

Gaylord Bros.
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